

**moving to greener pastures (save me from this coriander hell)**

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/32349280) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/32349280>.

Rating:	<a href="#">General Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">Gen</a>
Fandoms:	<a href="#">Minecraft (Video Game)</a> , <a href="#">Video Blogging RPF</a>
Relationships:	<a href="#">Toby Smith   Tubbo &amp; TommyInnit</a> , <a href="#">Ranboo &amp; Toby Smith   Tubbo</a> , <a href="#">Ranboo &amp; TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Ranboo &amp; Toby Smith   Tubbo &amp; TommyInnit</a> , <a href="#">Wilbur Soot &amp; Technoblade &amp; TommyInnit &amp; Phil Watson</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Toby Smith   Tubbo</a> , <a href="#">Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Wilbur Soot</a> , <a href="#">Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Crack Treated Seriously</a> , <a href="#">this entire premise spawned at 12PM at night</a> , <a href="#">BAMF Toby Smith   Tubbo</a> , <a href="#">They/Them Pronouns for Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">imagine if society was segregated by whether or not you like coriander</a> , <a href="#">or cilantro if you're an american</a> , <a href="#">Light Angst</a> , <a href="#">Fluff and Crack</a> , <a href="#">Alternate Universe - Dystopia</a> , <a href="#">i swear it's not THAT dark</a> , <a href="#">but it is darker than a crackfic about coriander eugenics has any right to be</a>
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of <a href="#">Coriander Society AU (don't ask, I don't know either)</a>
Stats:	Published: 2021-07-03 Completed: 2021-08-01 Words: 10,312 Chapters: 5/5

# **moving to greener pastures (save me from this coriander hell)**

by [AldiParmesan](#)

## Summary

Tubbo hated society.

It just didn't make sense: who thought it was a good idea to base an entire society over whether or not you like coriander? It probably wasn't even all that good. Like all sixteen year olds, he'd never been allowed to try the herb before, but he'd had plenty of others, and he was sure that coriander couldn't possibly outclass them. They should sort people on whether or not they liked garlic instead: hating garlic was an actual crime.

or

I saw that [that one tumblr post](#) where people are sorted in society based on whether or not people liked coriander and I spawned this atrocity. enjoy

## Notes

So! because I hate myself I decided to write this. At first I thought it was going to be fun. it was not. it was five chapters of fucking PAIN and I am glad to be free

Thanks to Will for answering all of my coriander based queries and also for like. putting themselves through this and beta reading it.

Enjoy.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

# **It's just a fucking leaf**

## Chapter Summary

Tubbo only has half of a self preservation instinct and that's probably not very good.

Tubbo hated society.

It just didn't make sense: *who* thought it was a good idea to base an entire society over *whether or not you like coriander?* It probably wasn't even all that good. Like all sixteen year olds, he'd never been allowed to try the herb before, but he'd had plenty of others, and he was sure that coriander couldn't possibly outclass them. They should sort people on whether or not they liked garlic instead: hating garlic was an *actual* crime.

Still, no matter how much Tubbo hated society, he still had to participate in it, so on the morning of the Sorting he still let his older sister fuss over him, his younger sister looking at him anxiously from the corner.

“Even if it tastes like *shit*, promise me you’ll just grin and bear it,” his older sister warned him, brushing his hair. Tubbo could see the tattoo around her neck, small green leaves circling around it like she was wearing a necklace. “For me, it didn’t taste like soap, but it did *not* taste good. The Elders won’t react well to someone spitting out their ‘*food of the gods*’.”

Tubbo nodded, knowing full well that he didn’t care about the Elders’ opinions. All he needed to do was prove that it didn’t taste like soap, right? Who cared if he thought it was gross? He wasn’t going to lie just to satisfy some grimy old people.

“Tubbo, Tubbo, promise me,” she repeated, this time making sure to make eye contact. “They are not benevolent. None of our family have a good track record with them. They could *kill* you.”

Even the Elders wouldn't kill a sixteen year old, Tubbo thought. They had executed people before - but only ever members of the resistance, people like their parents, *never* kids. Worst thing they could do would be to wrap a blue tattoo around his throat and curse him to a life of ostracization. But that was it. His sisters were overreacting.

By midday, the three of them were gathered outside the City Stadium, waiting for the gates to open and let them in. You could clearly see the difference between the coriander families and the soap families, even disregarding the tattoos: some families were dressed regally, neat suits with gleaming jewellery, polished shoes and shining hair, while others looked more tangled, in jumpers that had seen better days and boots that clearly weren't meant for formal events. The Underscore family didn't quite fit into either, all of their suits being hand-me-downs that they'd only just managed to beat the dust out of: presentable but clearly not new.

It didn't take long for the gates to open, and for them to spill out into the field. The stands were full: only direct family was allowed in with those being sorted, so aunts, uncles and grandparents filled the stadium seats, looking down on the crowds. Tubbo's family found themselves being pushed near to the front, right next to the raised platform where the Elders were sitting. They looked quite stupid, Tubbo thought, all wearing crowns of coriander, their clothes green and shiny. What was all the fuss about one stupid plant?

"Do they call us up by alphabetical order?" his younger sister whispered. She wouldn't be sorted for another few years, but there was clear apprehension in her eyes.

"No, they call the people at the front up first," his other sister replied, leaning down. "We'll be called up pretty early. This won't take an hour."

Soon, the Sorting started. Families came onto the stage, one by one, their children placed before the Elders and given a plate of coriander. It was heartbreakingly sad to watch: families of corianders coming onto the stage, only for their children to wrinkle their noses at the taste, and then getting dragged off crying as their parents abandoned them. Other times, families of soaps would come onstage, hope gleaming in their eyes, until their children spat out the coriander in disgust and it was clear to see the joy fizzle out, but that was the lucky ones. In others, the soaps' children would pass the test, being declared as corianders, and would be led away crying as their families, forced to stay behind, wished them the best. Tubbo could see several "soap" children fake their disgust.

Over time, Tubbo was moved closer and closer, his sisters gripping his arms protectively. They were probably going to be the next on stage, the kid before him being led up, their parents in tow. The guy was *tall*, definitely over six feet, and towered over the little Elders in their chairs.

It was clear their parents were soaps, from their woolen cardigans and the holes in their skirts. It was slightly sad, the hopeful gleam in their eyes as they watched their child step forwards, when Tubbo knew that their family would either be ripped in two or all three of them would stay stuck in poverty.

“Name?” one of the Elders asked, holding a clipboard with a thick pile of papers attached to it.

“Ranboo M. Beloved,” the kid replied, fidgeting. It was clear that they didn’t want to be there.

The Elder flipped through her clipboard, finding their name and ticking it off, gesturing for Ranboo to sit behind the small desk. Ranboo barely fit, their knees touching the underside of it.

Another Elder - well, not really an Elder, the guy looked maybe thirty five - placed a tiny plate of coriander in front of Ranboo. They watched intently as Ranboo lifted a small pinch of it into their mouth, chewed for a second, and looked pleasantly surprised.

Their parents sighed in relief, the guards already moving to escort Ranboo away to the other corianders.

“Mm, pleasantly soapy,” Ranboo remarked, and the approving looks on the Elders’ faces melted into horror.

“A SOAP-LOVER?” one of them shrieked, clutching the front of his ceremonial clothes. “GET THE PARENTS! THEY WILL PAY FOR TEACHING THEIR CHILD SUCH A SIN!”

The guards turned away from Ranboo to grab their mothers, but they'd already dissolved into the crowd, Ranboo making a mad dash off the stage themselves, but the guards quickly tackled them to the floor. Their limp body was dragged from the stage, and Tubbo shuddered.

"Remember, even if it tastes shit, *fake it*," his sister warned one final time, as they were led onto the stage.

Tubbo didn't notice the scared looks of the Elders as he gave his name, thinking of what coriander would taste like. From the tattoos around his sister's neck, it looked a bit like parsley, but he doubted it would taste similar, else people would also be going around saying that parsley tastes like soap. Tubbo didn't even like parsley, he hated most fresh leaf-y herbs, like rosemary and thyme and-

His sister elbowed him. "They said to sit down," she hissed.

Tubbo walked forwards, settling down on the seat, where there was already a small dish of coriander waiting for him. Well, this was it, he thought, picking up a generous pinch of it, reaching it towards his mouth. It was now or never. He put the leaves in his mouth and chewed.

Okay, what the *fuck* was the hype.

This did *not* taste like soap, but at the same time... It was ever so slightly gross, in the way that all fresh herbs were. It was kind of grassy in a repulsive way, and the slightly tart bitterness clung to the roof of his mouth even when he swallowed.

"A soap... Unsurprising, from the descendants of the Underscores," one of the Elders muttered, and he shot them a glare.

"It doesn't taste like soap, it's just terrible," Tubbo quickly corrected them, and their look of pity morphed into a look of disgust.

“He can taste it, yet...” one of the Elders whispered to another.

“He’s completely genetically inadequate, take him away,” someone to a guard, and they started to close in on Tubbo, who was looking around in a panic.

“It didn’t taste like soap!” Tubbo shouted desperately. “It’s just a shit herb! Why are you-”

One of the guards slapped a hand over his mouth, so he bit it, and they recoiled.

Another one grabbed his arm, and he thrashed to get them off. “You can’t-”

He met the eyes of his older sister, who was looking at him with something firm like disappointment, hugging his younger sister close. *You should’ve lied*, she mouthed, right as the guards dragged him offstage.

# **Soap: One of your Five a Day**

## Chapter Summary

Ranboo does not really know what's going on, and honestly, they're too scared to ask.

## Chapter Notes

**DO NOT EAT SOAP. IT IS BAD FOR YOU. IT DOES BAD THINGS TO YOUR BLOOD pH AND WILL MAKE YOU ILL.**

Again, thanks to beta reader Will, who is probably the only person on this earth that can eat soap without fucking dying

Ranboo had been eating soap for as long as they could remember.

Their mothers had used soap instead of butter on their toast, soap flakes in their soup, mixing a bit into their water before they drank it. At first, it used to make Ranboo ill, but after a while their body had adapted, and they found they actually quite liked the flavour. Unfortunately, their new-found love for soap meant that it was incredibly hard to find any around the house.

They didn't know much about the whole cilantro thing. They'd never met a 'cilantro' (they were told you could tell if someone was a 'cilantro' or a 'soap' by the tattoos on their necks) as the only other people they'd really ever talked to were their mothers. However, apparently the rest of their family were 'cilantros', which was why Ranboo's mothers had to live on some secluded farm in the middle of nowhere. Ranboo quite enjoyed living there, really, but apparently they had to leave, as they were sixteen. They'd always been told they were a 'cilantro', and for some reason that meant they couldn't live with 'soaps'.

They'd traveled to the Capital, they'd been introduced to their family, they'd gone up onto the stage. They were told that they would like cilantro, and that that was good, and they did!

So they really couldn't understand why they were currently locked inside a concrete room with some other kid, who was busy trying to kick the door down.

The kid's foot slammed into the heavy metal door, the sound it released making Ranboo's ears hurt. "I ATE YOUR CORIANDER, IT DIDN'T TASTE LIKE FUCKING SOAP, LET ME OUT OR I'LL- I'LL-"

Instead of finishing, he just kicked the door again. Ranboo wanted to wilt away.

"Are you not gonna help me?" the kid turned around, glaring at Ranboo like he was trying to set them on fire with his eyes. Ranboo looked just to the side of their face, not wanting to make eye contact.

"I'm- I'm supposed to be helping?" Ranboo asked, stuttering with nerves.

The kid glared at him even harder. "Big man, do you *want* to be stuck here?"

"Not really?"

"Then help me," the kid huffed. Ranboo got to their feet, hobbling over. The door was heavy metal, with a lock where a key would go, but as Ranboo moved they realised there was a slight glint on top of the doorframe.

"Are you gonna just stand there?" the kid asked. Now that they were standing next to him, they realised that they were significantly taller, by at *least* a foot. Ranboo ignored him, instead reaching up to pull off the shiny thing on top of the door.

It came off easily, revealing itself to be a key, the hole where a keychain would go covered by a large lump of very dusty blu-tack.

Ranboo put the key in the lock and twisted. The door clicked open.

The two of them froze, the door rattling loudly against the wall as it finished creaking open. There weren't even guards on the other side.

"Well that's just insulting," the kid huffed. "C'mon Ranboo, let's get out of here."

"You know my name?" Ranboo asked, slightly taken aback.

"Well, yeah, I was on just after you. You were pretty memorable," the kid said, already marching off.

"Wait- this isn't fair, what's your name?" Ranboo asked, struggling to keep up with the guy despite their significantly longer legs.

"Tubbo," he replied dismissively, and Ranboo couldn't tell if he knew where he was going, but they were going to have to trust him anyway.

After a few sharp turns through the maze of hallways, Tubbo shoved open a door, revealing a parking lot, and continued to power-walk purposefully in what seemed like a completely random direction.

"Where are we going?" Ranboo asked, still struggling to keep up.

"We?" Tubbo asked, raising an eyebrow. "I'm going home."

"Won't the guard people expect you to go there?"

Tubbo stumbled, before falling back into rhythm. "Well, I'll find out."

Ranboo continued to follow him down the streets, taking sharp turns down alleyways and even climbing over a few fences. Ranboo was pretty sure that they'd walked through someone's garden at some point.

Eventually, they came to a stop in an alley, and Tubbo swung around.

"You're *still* following me?" he asked, and Ranboo decided that Tubbo did an awful lot of glaring. He was definitely good at it, but by now, Ranboo had figured it was an empty threat.

"I don't live around here," Ranboo explained.

"Who could've guessed?" Tubbo threw his hands in the air. "That doesn't answer my question."

"I don't really know where I'm meant to be going, and I don't know how to get back..."

Tubbo looked frustrated, dragging his hands down his face.

Eventually, he sighed. "Well, you've come this far... Just stop walking so slow."

"Really?" Ranboo perked up. They'd expected to be left on a street corner, maybe told where they could get a bus to the train station, but this was probably the safer option. Would there be people looking for them? There were probably people looking for them. Maybe even their parents. They wondered if they'd managed to escape alright.

Ranboo briefly heard Tubbo mutter "I hope I don't regret this..." before he set off again, leaving them to stumble after him.

"So, uh, where are we headed?" they asked as they emerged into the street, still barely keeping up with Tubbo.

“As I said earlier, *my house*,” he replied.

“Won’t the government people be there?” Ranboo asked, fidgeting nervously. They were panting slightly by now; they needed to go outside more.

“Do you have any memory at *all*?” Tubbo asked incredulously, struggling a bit for breath, and Ranboo felt relieved that they weren’t the only unfit person. “Well, considering they didn’t even have guards on the door, they probably haven’t even realised we’re gone.”

“That’s tr-” they were cut off by crashing into Tubbo’s back.

There, in the middle of the street, was a very angry looking woman. Well, she wasn’t a woman, but she wasn’t a girl either - maybe a young adult? Actually, that didn’t matter, because she looked very angry, and very violent.

“Tubbo,” she said, her voice dark, and Tubbo tried to step back, instead managing to bump into Ranboo. “You can’t be back here.”

“Look, I’m really sorry-”

“Why are you here, Tubbo?” she asked, and oh boy. Ranboo was glad that they weren’t the one she was yelling at.

Tubbo backed into Ranboo, and they put their hands on his shoulders in what they hoped was a comforting manner. “I just needed to get some stu-”

“They were talking about *executing* you, Tubbo!” she didn’t yell - she didn’t want the street to hear their conversation - but she might as well have been, with her tone of voice. “If they think I’m harbouring you, they’ll kill me, and then who’ll be left to care of-” She paused to

breathe, her eyes glassy with unshed tears. “Look, I’ll give you some money to get away, just. Please. Don’t come back, at least for now.”

Tubbo looked at the floor, ashamed. “I’m sorr-”

“It’s too late for apologies now,” she interrupted him, walking back to the house. “Just, don’t end up like mum and dad. I’ll get you your stuff, just please, *live*. ”

In the end, the nice lady (who turned out to be Tubbo’s older sister) gave them a decent wad of cash, telling them to take the next train to the seaside and to try to get out of the country as soon as possible. They left pretty quickly, Tubbo waving goodbye to the house, and Ranboo almost didn’t notice the other girl in the second floor window, but then they were walking down more winding streets and the house was far behind them.

“I wonder if they’ve noticed we’re gone yet,” Ranboo asked, looking back in the general direction of the stadium.

Tubbo shrugged, not really paying attention. “Maybe. The celebrations go on until tonight, they might not check back until then.”

Ranboo hummed in response. Tubbo seemed a little distracted, but it was probably just because of how *surreal* the whole situation was: one minute they’d just been minding their own business, and the next, they were running from the government because of a *herb*. To Ranboo, it was a little funny, but then again, they hadn’t had their family tell them to disappear and never come back.

Tubbo hardly said anything as they reached the station - which was a bit worrying because it probably made them look *really* suspicious - and didn’t say anything after that, either. They just sat on the little bench by the train platform, Tubbo staring stoically forwards as Ranboo fidgeted. To put it shortly, it was awkward.

“So, uh, what do you think the ocean will look like?” Ranboo asked, currently very engrossed in a loose thread poking out of the sleeve of their blazer.

“Grey,” Tubbo replied, staring at the sky. It was completely overcast, with threatening clouds on the horizon.

Well, that conversation was going nowhere. Ranboo was not used to the whole “talking to people that you don’t know” thing and Tubbo wasn’t making it any easier. Time for attempt number two.

“Why do people care so much about cilantro anyway?” Ranboo tried. That should be a good conversation starter - at least they hoped.

Tubbo looked up with a face of disgust. “...Cilantro?”

Ranboo gulped. Had they said something wrong? “Yeah, the leaf?”

“What are these,” Tubbo pointed at his pants.

“Pants?” Ranboo replied.

“*Pants*,” Tubbo repeated, “and *cilantro*. This is so cursed.”

“What’s wrong with pants and cilantro?” Ranboo asked, now incredibly confused.

“*Everything*,” Tubbo groaned. “It’s called *coriander*.”

“...Pants are called coriander?”

Ranboo was very glad that there were no walls in the nearby vicinity, otherwise Tubbo would be bashing his head on one. Or Ranboo's head. One of the two.

"Look, man, you're not from here, are you," Tubbo sighed.

Ranboo shook their head.

"I'm on the run. From the government. With an *american*," Tubbo slumped back in his chair, incredulous. "My sisters would be proud."

Ranboo liked trains.

They hadn't been on many, but the ones they'd been on were nice: the windows were big and there was plenty of legroom, not to mention the ones with on-board toilets had little bite-sized soap bars that they'd always steal. Ranboo was glad that they had Tubbo with them to handle talking to the ticket person, otherwise they'd melt into their seat with shame.

At some point it had started raining, droplets splattering in dotted streaks across the train window, and Ranboo drew a little face in the condensation. It'd gotten colder, but they didn't mind: usually, at the farm, they'd start the fire in the living room and throw on an extra jumper, and although they didn't have that comfort now, the nostalgia made them feel incredibly warm. They slowly felt themselves drifting off to sleep, and almost didn't notice the sound of sniffling.

"Are you okay?" Ranboo asked groggily, sitting up, feeling all weird and static-y in a way that you can only get on long distance travel.

Tubbo continued sniffling, as if he was trying to stay quiet. "Sor- Sorry for waking you up."

“No, no, it’s not a problem, I wasn’t sleeping yet,” Ranboo quickly backtracked. What were you meant to do when people were crying? Weren’t you meant to offer them a tissue? Ranboo *would* get some toilet paper from the train toilet, but the issue was that there *wasn’t one* (they’d checked, in search of those lovely bite-sized soap bars). They didn’t currently have any tissues on them- Wait, they did have that little pocket square thing in their suit. They didn’t have any other use for it anyway.

“Here- I don’t have a tissue, but this is *basically* the same thing,” Ranboo held it out. It was a pretty shade of blue, decorated with delicate green leaves.

“This- This’s expensive,” Tubbo hiccuped. Ranboo didn’t know how to explain that their only experience with anything having an actual material cost was Monopoly on Board Game Night.

“It’s fine, it’s not like I have any better use for it,” Ranboo reassured him, reaching out to hand it to him. “I can just find some public toilets somewhere and wash it, anyway.”

“I-” Tubbo paused, seeming to think over his choices, before taking the handkerchief.  
“Thanks.”

“No problem,” Ranboo gave him a smile, settling back against the window as they fell into silence.

“Do... you miss your parents at all?” Tubbo asked, blowing his nose. He was still crying, but with less noise - it was more tears than anything else.

Ranboo thought for a moment, before deciding. “Not yet. I mean I think I *will*, but I kinda came to the Sorting expecting to be taken away from them? So I was prepared. What about you?”

Tubbo gulped, blowing his nose again. “I... Yeah. I think this is probably my first time away from home, actually.”

“Were your parents not at your house?” Ranboo asked. They’d definitely met his older sister, and they’d seen who they assumed was his younger sister at the window, but other than that? No one.

Tubbo gave Ranboo a questioning look. “Ranboo, my parents are *dead*.”

“Oh- Uh, okay, uh, I am *so* sorry, I didn’t mean to-”

“Big man, they died when I was *four*; I don’t really care,” Tubbo interrupted them, rolling his eyes, looking like he was holding back a laugh.

Ranboo gulped, questions on the tip of their tongue. As much as they wanted to know *how* his parents died, they knew that that probably wasn’t something they should ask.

“Anyway, what’re we doing when we get to the sea?” Ranboo asked. That was both a *safe* topic of conversation and a necessary one. Internally they were congratulating themselves for their change in topic.

Tubbo shrugged. “Find a boat or something.”

Ranboo’s mouth turned into a pinched line. “That does not sound particularly foolproof.”

Tubbo raised an eyebrow. “You got any better ideas?”

Ranboo opened their mouth to speak, but then realised that they did not, in fact, have a better idea.

“Let’s just hope we figure something out.”

The station was nearly empty when they arrived.

It was probably because it was raining. It was a seaside town, but it was the Sorting, so there would be neither tourists nor townsfolk out and about. Now that Ranboo thought about it, the train car had been practically empty too.

“We should probably get going,” Ranboo stretched, their back cracking in several spots. Their neck ached slightly from where they’d been napping in the train, and they felt awfully sore in general.

“I think we should probably wash your handkerchief first,” Tubbo winced, pulling out the bundled material from his pocket.

Ranboo looked at it and then decided that they did not want to look at it again. “Yeah, let’s go find a toilet.”

Thankfully the signs were easy to follow, and after a bit of a pep talk from Tubbo (“No one’s here anyway, plus you’re with me, it’s like bringing a plus one to a party, you’re allowed in”) they walked into the men’s toilets. Ranboo was delighted to see that they had the little soap bars here, immediately rinsing one off and popping it in their mouth (much to the horror of Tubbo) and sat patiently on one of the countertops as Tubbo rinsed their pocket square.

Tubbo was midway through holding it under the hand dryer when there were loud footsteps outside, and the door slammed open, Ranboo looking up just in time to lock eyes with a very beaten up and very wet looking teenager. The moment they made eye contact, the kid was rushing forwards, grabbing onto Ranboo’s collar and shaking them vigorously.

“I’M GOING TO SAY THIS ONCE, SO YOU BETTER FUCKIN’ LISTEN,” the kid shouted, making Ranboo’s brains feel like they were rattling around in their skull. “WHAT IN FUCK’S NAME IS A CORIANDER AND WHY THE FUCK CAN NO ONE HERE SHUT UP ABOUT IT?”

"I- Uh-" Ranboo panicked, not really liking the feeling of being shaken, but thankfully Tubbo was quick to pull the guy off him, wrapping his hands around his middle and suplexing him to the floor.

# **Tommy wouldn't mind the taste of coriander. He just wouldn't eat it because it's green.**

## Chapter Summary

Tommy does not know what's going on. He just wants people to stop yelling about FUCKING CORIANDER.

## Chapter Notes

SO may/may not have forgot that this chapter was already betad and not posted it for like a fucking week hahahahaha oh well oops

Anyway! as usual, thanks to Will for beta reading, lovely stuff

Tommy was not allowed to drive the motorboat. That was only for Phil, Wilbur and Techno, and hey! That made sense. It was very complicated with all of its pedals and dials and funny little blinking lights.

*However,* no one said anything about the rowboat.

True, no-one *knew* about the rowboat (he'd found it hidden among some bushes on the south side of the island, half-rotten and mouldy) but that didn't matter: he'd spent the best part of the last month patching her up, testing her out in shallow waters when he was sure Phil wasn't looking, and had even named her *Clementine*. Out of all of the people in the world, he was the most qualified to sail her.

Although it might've been an idea to choose better weather to test her out.

Currently, he was busy trying *not* to get thrown overboard, the waves battering the shit out of the tiny boat. The island was growing smaller and smaller in the distance, hard to make out through the rain and the darkness and the shaking silhouettes of writhing water. His hair was

sticking to his forehead, water running into his eyes, hands so cold that he'd dropped the oars several minutes ago, and he was currently getting rattled around to the point where his bones hurt. Honestly, it was a credit to his handiwork that the boat had held up against the weather, but the question was would *he* hold up? The boat would survive, capsized or not, but Tommy? He wasn't liking his chances.

A wave crashed over the boat and Tommy was fully submerged. He couldn't see, couldn't hear anything over the sound of water, desperately clutching onto the seat of the boat. It felt like he was going to drown, like he'd never get air again, but then the wave released him and he drank in the air, rain pelting painfully onto his freezing skin. If he made it out of this alive, Phil would- No, *everyone* would kill him. He was annoying enough as it was, but he could practically *hear* his brothers berating him as they made him eat that dreadful chicken soup. If he escaped this without getting ill, he'd be shocked. God, what he'd give to have one of those shitty bowls of soup.

The boat hit another wave, Tommy being thrust from one side of the boat to the other. Light sparks lit up in his eyes and for a second he panicked that it was lightning, but they didn't disappear when he squeezed his eyes shut, which for some reason made him feel relieved. Even with his eyes open, he could no longer make out the island. Actually, he couldn't make out anything, *anywhere*. Another wave hit, and the only thing his sitting up had done was cause him to hit the boat harder when he toppled over.

Tommy didn't even get the luxury of a last thought as his head smashed into the wood.

-

Waves crashed somewhere in the background, calm and familiar. It was dark, and Tommy could feel ocean-smoothened rocks pressing into his back, not quite harsh but also not in any way comforting. His eyes fluttered open, and he realised where he was.

Above him, he could see the seat of the rowboat, and then above it the floor. The wood wasn't any more than thirty centimetres away from his head, looming threateningly, and Tommy lay there for a minute, watching it, as he felt his body slowly wake up.

The only things he could really make sense of were the noise of the waves and *Clementine's* wooden body lying above him like a protective shell.

He'd washed up somewhere, that was for sure. He'd taken the boat out last night (or at least, he hoped it was last night - it was certainly light outside but he wouldn't put it past himself to pass out for over a day straight) and judging by the throbbing in his skull, he'd knocked himself out at some point. Touching his face, he could feel a scab on his jaw, and another on his forehead, which wasn't great. If he was back home, then Phil would for *sure* know he'd been up to something, and if he was somewhere else - and honestly he had never *been* anywhere else - but from what Wilbur and Technoblade had told him about the mainland, attracting attention was *not* a good idea. Looking like he'd just been in a fight wasn't exactly inconspicuous, so he was ever so slightly fucked.

Figuring he should try to get moving, he rolled over, wincing when he realised that practically *everything* on his entire body was bruised. Down near the base of the boat, he could see light flooding in, so he got crawling - finding it much more painful than it should have been, the rocks digging into his knees and palms. Even his hands were bruised: how the fuck did he manage to bruise his hands?

Finally slithering out from under the boat, he realised that he was, quite unsurprisingly, on a beach. His clothes were pretty dry by now, but absolutely stiff with saltwater and coated with dry seaweed that he set about peeling off. Not to mention that it was apparently really fucking *windy*, and while it wasn't as windy as the island on a bad day, it was still enough to make him shiver uncontrollably. Turning around, he saw houses - *rows* and *rows* of houses, the likes of which he'd only seen in photos and picture books - and *people*. A few of them were on the beach, some staring at him openly, and he figured that he should *really* get out of here. He had no fucking clue where he was, but the first step would probably be to ask someone, and *certainly* not someone here.

He tried to remember shit from all the tales that Wilbur and Technoblade had told him. Unlike Tommy, they were allowed on the mainland, saying something about *tattoos* and *safety* and *being able to drive the boat*. Apparently the mainland really cared about what tattoos you had, and he noticed that the rest of his family had them: both Phil and Wilbur had a wreath of green, while Techno had a single band of blue. When he asked when he could get his own, Phil gave him a sad glance and ruffled his hair.

From what he remembered, you couldn't just walk up to people and talk to them, but they'd come and talk to you if you looked out of place. He didn't know what 'out of place' really consisted of - only that Technoblade usually fit the category, and that he probably fit that category too. He headed away from the water towards a staircase, not really knowing where he was going but figuring that as long as he *looked* purposeful no one would come up to him. Hopefully. He could already see some old lady eyeing him up ahead from where she was

feeding a group of pigeons, her eyes holding the same expression that Techno would have when he was considering asking something but not quite sure if he should.

Tommy opted to give her a wide berth.

“Are you alright, deary?”

Apparently, not wide enough.

Tommy gave her a brief nod, swallowing, not really sure what the *fuck* he was meant to do in this situation. People were talking to him? He was not trained for this.

She frowned, eyeing his neck. “Aren’t you a bit too young to be out by yourself this early?”

Tommy glared at her. “I’m a big man, I’ll have you know. Aren’t you a bit too old to be outside?” he scowled. It was true, she did look like the wind would blow her to dust. She stared at him in consideration, and he added a quick “bitch” for good measure.

The old lady’s demeanor shifted entirely. “Young man, watch your tone! You-”

Her gaze darted to his neck.

“Seawee- You’re not a coriander!”

“The fuck is a coriander?” Tommy asked, making a face. Apparently that was not the right thing to say.

Immediately, there was a murmur among the few other people in the area.

*“A soap? In this part of town?”*

*“No, he’s too young - he’s probably skiving the Sorting.”*

*“I’ll go call a police officer. A fake coriander is serious business.”*

Tommy didn’t know much about the mainland, but if there was one thing he knew, it was that when the police got involved, someone was going to get arrested. And while maths may not be his strong suit, even *he* could put together that the cops were not coming for the old lady.

Tommy’s gaze flitted around, looking for an escape route, and settled on a small space between two of the houses. “Well, it’s been lovely talking to you and all, but I have, uh, brothers. Who are waiting for me. Goodbye.”

He sprinted straight for the alley, barely dodging some random lady trying to tackle him, disappearing into the narrow space, shrieks of “soap!” and “fake coriander!” sounding behind him. He could hear feet echoing after him as he sprinted into some large, fenced-off field of gravel, eyes locking onto a metal box by one of the walls and scrambling onto it despite his body’s protests.

“Stop him!” he could hear people shout behind him, and he *really* hoped that none of these people could climb as he made his way from the box to the wall, evaluating the drop on the other side. There was a decently sized strip of wild grass, and then a second fence - this one made of metal, spikes lining its top. He swung down from the wall, landing with a heavy thud, immediately turning to clamber over the second fence. It was harsh on his hands and he was having a *wonderful* time trying to ignore the pain of putting pressure on his bruises but he could already hear the people behind him considering if they should climb after him. Pussies. If this was back home, Phil and Wilbur would’ve been climbing after him, or Techno would’ve caught him already.

Trying not to get speared, he maneuvered himself across the spikes, dropping down on the other side. From what he’d gathered, they couldn’t see where he’d gone - and would probably assume he’d followed the grass - so it’d be a good idea to hide. Thankfully, he appeared to have dropped into a train station (which he only recognised due to reading Thomas and

Friends as a kid, even if he hated that he shared his name with a fucking *train*) and he could see a sign labeled '*Toilets*'. That seemed good enough. Stomping down the hallway, he saw one labeled '*Men's*', and seeing as he, himself, was very much a man, he thrust the door open.

Only to be met with the wide eyes of some random dude who had the *audacity* to be taller than him standing right by the doorway.

“A coriander..?” he heard a quiet voice somewhere in the background but he couldn’t see its source, but that didn’t matter, when he had a perfectly terrified looking person who he could *definitely* threaten for answers. He yanked the kid down by the collar of their stupid-looking dress shirt, making sure to give them a good shake, before starting his questioning.

“I'M GOING TO SAY THIS ONCE, SO YOU BETTER FUCKIN' LISTEN,” he said, quite calmly, if he did say so himself. “WHAT IN FUCK'S NAME IS A CORIANDER AND WHY THE FUCK CAN NO ONE HERE SHUT UP ABOUT IT?”

The kid’s eyes seemed to focus on nothing, which probably wasn’t all that good, so Tommy gave them another shake, just for good measure.

What he did not count for was the hands suddenly wound around his middle, lifting him from the floor, and he barely had a second to think before he was sent sprawling across the manky tiles.

# **Just so you know, when Tommy thinks Tubbo is threatening the clerk, Tubbo IS threatening the clerk**

## Chapter Summary

Tommy's still confused. Ranboo has friends. Tubbo just wants to get off the fucking mainland.

## Chapter Notes

oops didn't update for a fortnight hahaha, got dragged for an overnight road trip that turned into like. three days. I've got the entirety of this fic beta read so I can post the last chapter whenever I feel like, really, so it'll depend on my whims as to when it goes up. prolly in a couple days.

big thanks to will who puts himself through betaing this... whatever this is. writing and proofreading this feels like a literal hallucination

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was a testament to this guy's skull that he'd survived.

Tubbo had no fucking clue how this kid was still conscious. He'd thrown him directly onto his head, which would usually result in at least a *little* bit of brain damage, and probably shatter the poor recipient's spine (Tubbo realised now that suplexing a random person who probably wouldn't know to protect their neck from injury was literally the worst idea he could have possibly had) but for some reason, this guy did not get the memo, continuing to yell unintelligible gibberish while clutching his head.

Actually, brain damage was perfectly possible.

"Bitch! You are a bitch!" the kid screamed at him, still rubbing at the top of his head. What Tubbo had thought to be a coriander tattoo turned out to be a very conveniently placed bit of dried seaweed around his neck, and he also appeared to be incredibly bruised, with two impressive scabs on his chin and forehead.

“I’m- You’re the bitch!” Tubbo replied, very maturely. “You come in and fucking- shake Ranboo!”

“What kind of a name is *Ranboo*?” the kid asked, a look of disgust on his face.

Ranboo fidgeted awkwardly in a corner, looking very dejected, and Tubbo felt a bit of protective rage.

“Ranboo is a great name,” Tubbo stated, rolling up his sleeves and taking a threatening step forward. The kid scrambled back, looking at him with a face of what could only be described as “what the fuck?”.

Ranboo fidgeted even more as they noticed Tubbo standing up for them. “You don’t need to-”

“No one comes and insults my friends without consequences,” Tubbo replied, crossing his arms threateningly.

“We’re friends?” Ranboo asked, looking very genuinely excited.

“We- Yeah, you gave me your handkerchief and shit,” Tubbo replied, confused.

“I’ve never had a friend before,” Ranboo replied, face practically glowing as they hopped up and down a little bit.

“...Who the fuck are you?” the kid on the floor asked.

“Oh, I’m Ranboo! And that’s Tubbo,” Ranboo replied, still jumping in a very restrained manner. “We’re escaping the government!”

Tubbo tensed, already planning at which vertebra he was going to snap the kid's neck, when he decided to open his mouth.

"What kind of names are Tubbo and Ranboo? Do your parents hate you or something?" he asked.

Right, second vertebra it was.

"My parents are dead, arsehole," Tubbo snapped. He didn't actually care about the 'parents' remark, but he really did *not* like this guy.

"And I'm adopted!" Ranboo chirped in.

"Anyway, there's no way your name is any better," Tubbo frowned, looking down at the guy on the floor.

"Mine's just Tommy, innit?" Tommy replied, and he had the audacity to be mean to Ranboo with a name like *that*?

"What are you, fifty years old? What kind of name is *Tommy*?" Tubbo asked incredulously.

"Oi! Tommy is a—"

He was cut off by the sound of footsteps outside of the bathroom door, and Tubbo looked around in a panic for somewhere to hide.

Grabbing Ranboo, he dragged them straight for the supply cupboard at one end of the bathroom, throwing open the door. He didn't have time to close it before *Tommy* slipped in, and the three of them were enveloped in darkness.

“He can’t’ve gone far,” someone came into the bathroom, their voice muffled by the wood of the door. Tommy tensed, and Tubbo had the urge to cry. Now he had to deal with yet *another* fugitive?

“Check all the stalls,” a second voice said. “Oh, and the supply closet.”

Tubbo panicked, reaching to check if there was a lock on the door. There was. He clicked it shut.

“Did you hear something?” one of the voices asked, and all three kids in the cupboard held their breath.

“No?” the other replied, their footsteps coming closer to the door. It rattled, for one second, then two, before ending. “The door’s locked, they’re not in there.”

The second pair of footsteps moved further away from the door. “Let’s go check somewhere else.”

The three boys finally breathed.

“You’re running from the government *too*?” Tubbo asked, shoving Tommy.

“What- No, people just keep screaming shit about *coriander* at me,” Tommy replied, shoving Tubbo in retaliation. “I don’t understand it either, they’re all wrong’uns if you ask me, absolutely fuckin’ -”

“You don’t know about corianders?” Tubbo asked, slightly shocked. To be fair, there seemed to be a bit of a pattern between ‘not knowing what corianders and soaps are’ and ‘getting hunted by the government’.

“Now you’re doing it too!” Tommy threw his hands in the air in frustration, almost clipping Tubbo on the nose in the small space of the cupboard.

“Maybe he knows it as cilantro?” Ranboo suggested.

Tommy made a face. “That word- No, there’s something wrong with that word.”

“It’s American,” Tubbo said.

Tommy looked disgusted. “Ranboob is an *American*? ”

“What’s wrong with Americans?” Ranboo frowned, confused.

“Can someone just explain what the *fuck* coriander is?”

“It’s a leaf,” Tubbo explained, Ranboo nodding in the background.

There was a silence. Then Tommy realised that no one was going to elaborate.

“A *leaf*? ” Tommy asked incredulously. “And they were chasing me? Because of some fuckin’... *leaf*? ”

“Yep,” Tubbo replied, unlocking the door.

“*Why*? ”

Tubbo genuinely did not have an answer for that question. “Anyway, I don’t know about you, Big Man, but we need to get out of here before they catch us and execute us, and by the looks

of it you're wanted too, so... Yeah! Bye.”

He unlocked the door, Ranboo scrambling quickly after him.

Tommy jogged after him. “Wait- *Execute* you? Is this to do with that fuckin’ leaf again?”

“Mmhm!” Tubbo nodded, power-walking over to the bathroom door.

“Over a *leaf*? ” Tommy asked, in disbelief.

“Yep!” Tubbo replied, pushing the door open. “And now we have to leave the country!”

“You- Can I come?” Tommy asked, catching up. “My boat washed up-”

“You have a boat?” Tubbo whipped around.

“Yeah, her name’s *Clementine*-”

“Can we use her,” Tubbo stared him down intensely.

Tommy blinked. “I mean *sure*, but her oars are gone-”

“*Take us to her*,” Tubbo demanded, and while Tommy was definitely confused, he didn’t protest.

About fifteen minutes later and some yelling at Tommy for trying to get them to climb over walls, they found themselves standing by a capsized boat, Tommy now wearing Ranboo's blazer as a sort of disguise. Tommy did not know what these random people were planning to do with his *Clementine*, but if it was something bad, he could probably stop them, seeing as Ranboo was a pussy and Tubbo was probably a foot shorter than him or something.

(He was ignoring the fact that Tubbo had managed to deck him earlier).

"Ranboo, can you help me flip it?" Tubbo asked, grabbing underneath her and pulling. The boat lifted a surprising amount, considering how small Tubbo was.

"Uh, sure," Ranboo scampered forwards, fitting their hands under the wood, and she flipped all the way over.

Tubbo smiled. "Okay, now we just need some oars--"

Tommy did not like how they were acting like they owned *Clementine*. "Oi, I didn't agree to--"

"Do you *want* to be stuck here?" Tubbo asked.

"Well, no--"

"Then watch over the boat while we go get some oars."

Tubbo marched off, Ranboo desperately trying to keep up with him.

Tommy watched from the distance as Tubbo argued with the clerk at some stall down the beach labeled ‘Rent-a-Boat’, and if he didn’t know better, he’d think that Tubbo was making threats. Five minutes (and a *weirdly* large amount of shouting) later, he was walking back, an oar in each hand, Ranboo jogging behind, clutching a very large, very folded piece of paper.

“Right, so we have the boat, we have the oars, now we need to figure out where to go,” Tubbo threw down the oars, and Tommy was convinced that there was something wrong with these people. It was true that *Clementine* was the best rowboat that had ever graced the earth - Tommy certainly couldn’t deny that - however, she was, all in all, a rowboat. They were not going to be able to get from one major landmass to another in her, and quite honestly, Tommy had no clue how he’d survived that storm other than pure luck and probably some divine intervention.

Tubbo unfolded the paper (which now turned out to be a map) and put it down on the rocks, humming to himself as he considered his options. “There’s a few small islands around here - we could probably go and live on one of those...”

Ranboo looked at the map over his shoulder. “We would die of starvation.”

“Better that than being caught and executed,” Tubbo shrugged, eyes darting around the page to find their best option.

Tommy looked over Tubbo’s shoulder, and found he immediately recognised the map. “Hey, that’s where I live!” he reached over, pointing at *Watson Island*.

“Do you know the way?” Tubbo asked, his head snapping around.

“I washed up here fuckin’ yesterday,” Tommy crossed his arms. “I haven’t been on mainland since I was four.”

“Do you know how to read a map?” Tubbo turned to Ranboo. Ranboo just shook their head.

“Well, no better time to learn!” Tubbo exclaimed, setting about pushing the boat into the water.

What did Tommy do to deserve this bullshit?

-

Ranboo did not like the ocean.

Unfortunately they discovered this *after* getting into the boat.

They’d managed to drag the Clementine into the water quite easily, with Tommy and Tubbo rolling their pants up and wading in after it. Ranboo- Ranboo was a little bit apprehensive. The ocean was big and deep (they couldn’t see the bottom!) and while *Tommy* appeared to have the tide on his side, Ranboo was not known for their streak of good luck.

Well, they thought warmly as they watched Tubbo bicker with Tommy about where to steer, maybe they had a *bit* of luck.

Having friends was nice.

“It’s north from the beach! This is north-east!” Tubbo shrieked, trying to turn the rowboat with his one oar.

“No, this is north!” Tommy shrieked back at him, trying to match Tubbo’s speed so that they didn’t end up turning. “The coastline doesn’t stay the same shape! Look at the houses!”

“Fine, Ranboo, can you check the map?” Tubbo asked. Ranboo did *not* feel like they could check the map. Currently, they were lying on their side at the back of the boat, either due to seasickness or the crippling fear of what was below them, the large piece of paper still wrapped around them gently from where Tubbo had left it.

“Give- Give me a minute,” Ranboo stuttered, their eyes firmly shut. Why were they so nauseous? The rocking of the boat wasn’t even that bad.

“Take your time, Big Man,” Tubbo responded patiently.

Ranboo took in a shaky breath, pulling the map from on top of them to spread it out on the wood. Trying to read what it said made them want to throw up slightly, which wasn’t very good, but they could just about make out both the beach and Watson island.

“Um... Tommy’s right, I think,” Ranboo replied, and Tommy bounced in his seat in victory, making the boat rock and Ranboo scramble to grab onto something.

“Ha!” Tommy exclaimed, looking very proud of himself.

“Be careful, we’ll tip over!” Tubbo held him down.

Tommy shook him off, pushing him away. “Nah, I built *Clementine* better than... that...”

“Did you see something?” Tubbo asked, looking around.

“Shit- Row faster!” Tommy commanded, and Tubbo fumbled to get a grip on his oar, the boat rocking even more as the two of them started to row.

“Did you see something?” Tubbo asked, sounding panicked.

“You see that motorboat?” Tommy replied, Tubbo turning around to have a look. “That’s the Watsons. They catch us, we’re *dead*.”

“The Watsons hate you?” Tubbo panicked, staring at Tommy in horror. “I thought you lived on Watson island!”

“Just ‘cause we live on the island doesn’t mean we fuckin’ *like* each other!” Tommy replied. “If they get me, I’m *dead*. That bitch Technoblade’ll tie a fuckin’ rock to my foot and try to make me swim or some shit.”

Ranboo shuddered, the mental image making them even more ill.

“Shit, they’ve spotted us,” Tommy started to row faster, the sound of the distant boat’s motor now rattling through the air.

Ranboo trembled. “They won’t kill us, right?”

“Tubbo? No. You? Maybe, but that’s because you’re *weird*,” Tommy answered. “Me? One hundred percent.”

The boat was getting *very* loud, and Ranboo clutched their ears.

“Okay, it’s all three of them,” Tommy panted, letting go of the oar. “The guy with the brown hair is a pussy - if we can take him hostage, we can probably get them to drop us off somewhere.”

“What about the other two?” Tubbo asked, and Ranboo wasn’t sure if they were shivering from the cold or from fear.

Tommy opened his mouth to reply, but was interrupted by a splash, the motorboat racing past.

“They’re here,” Tommy murmured, and Ranboo finally got a look at the ship.

It was a blur of motion, turning around to circle them. When Tommy said “motorboat” Ranboo had imagined something much bigger, but this was only about twice the size of Clementine sideways and only a bit longer. Ranboo could *not* see who was on it, but they could tell that something was being yelled - only the engines were too loud to make out what it was.

Oh, also the boat was getting closer. Like, *much* closer. It had slowed down, no longer circling, and instead headed *directly* for the boat. Ranboo held their breath as it approached, slowing down more and more, before it came to a stop.

“Tommy!” someone shrieked, and it was the brunette man that they’d been warned about.

When he leapt from the motorboat over to Clementine, Ranboo had expected him to shove Tommy or maybe hit him.

What they had not expected was to see Tommy be pulled into a bone-crushing hug.

#### Chapter End Notes

also, I have a twitter! it's also under aldiparmesan but I'm too lazy to put a link. I'll shove it in the last chapter

# **Oh no my hand slipped and we adopted two more children-**

## Chapter Summary

Tommy is missing and Wilbur hopes that he hasn't killed anyone

## Chapter Notes

I'M FREE! I'M FREE! I DON'T HAVE TO WRITE THIS ANYMORE! I say, knowing that I have a sequel, prequel and a spin-off about what Tubbo's sisters are doing planned. but that's for later. for now I want to work on my other fics for a bit.

Big thanks to mothman Will for betaing this fic, absolute leg, he's not even being paid to put up with my shit but he does it anyway and he does it well

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When Wilbur woke up to find his baby brother's bed empty, he knew exactly what was up.

"PHIL!" he'd raced down the stairs, ending up tripping and sliding down half of it on his arse. "PHIL, TOMMY'S GONE TO MAINLAND!"

It was true: the spot behind the bushes where Tommy had oh-so-secretly been hiding his rowboat (it was so easy to see - subtlety really wasn't Tommy's strong suit) was empty, a rift between the plants showing clearly where it'd recently been dragged out. There'd been a storm in the night, and Wilbur doubted even *Tommy* was stupid enough to go out in a storm, which meant he'd probably left in the past hour or so.

"What's going on?" Technoblade came sprinting out onto the beach. As usual, his clothes were crumpled from sleeping in them ("Why should I have special clothes for sleeping in?" he'd always say) and he'd pulled on his combat boots.

"Tommy went out on his boat," Wilbur replied, panicking. "Go help Phil, we *need* to find him before he gets to the mainland."

It wasn't even five minutes before the motorboat was ready to go, the three of them piling into it as they kept their eyes open for Tommy's rowboat.

Phil's knuckles were white as he gripped the steering wheel, making the boat go as fast as it physically could. "It's the Sorting today too, if they get their hands on him—"

"Then I'll make them *pay*," Technoblade snarled, and Wilbur noticed he'd wrapped his fists. Looks like his days in the resistance weren't quite behind him.

The anxiety started to build as they were more than halfway to the mainland, but there was *still* no sign of Tommy.

"He couldn't- You don't think he's *drowned*?" Wilbur was beginning to panic, desperately trying to stabilise his breathing.

"It's too early to give up hope, I'm sure—" Phil cut himself off as he spotted something on the horizon, only about a mile away from the distant line of mainland. "Is that him?"

"I think that's him!" Wilbur exclaimed, and even the usually stoic Technoblade grinned with relief at the sight.

"TOMMY!" Wilbur leaned over the edge of the boat, Technoblade pulling him back in by the collar of his jumper. "TOMMY!"

"He can't hear you," Technoblade rolled his eyes. "We're too far away."

"TOMMY!" Wilbur continued nonetheless.

Getting closer, the three of them could tell that Tommy was actually headed back to their island, and-

Hang on, were those *people* on the boat?

They would be having *words* when he got Tommy back. But for now, they had more pressing concerns.

“Alright, I’m stopping the boat,” Phil called out over the sound of the motor as he started to hit the brakes. They circled the rowboat, getting closer on each revolution, until Phil took both feet off the pedals and they glided to a stop.

“Tommy!” Wilbur leapt into the rowboat, hardly acknowledging how it rocked below him, and wrapped Tommy in a hug. “Don’t you *ever* run off like that again!”

Wil felt a pair of arms wrap around his waist, and assumed it was probably Phil joining the hug, albeit a little weirdly. Suddenly, his legs were no longer on the floor, and Tommy was slipping out of his arms, and he looked up just in time to see himself plunge into the water.

-

It all happened so fast. One moment, Wilbur was hugging Tommy, the next, some *little kid* had his hands around his brother’s waist and was suplexing him overboard.

“Hey-” Techno stepped forwards, but his father blocked him off, whispering a quick “get Wilbur out of the water” before he stepped forwards to attempt to placate the feral looking child that was now wielding an oar.

“Stay back!” he yelled, pointing it at Phil, who just stepped even closer. That was *not* the approach that Techno would take, but he was busy dragging his more-than-slightly soggy older brother back on board.

The kid thrust the oar in front of him like a spear, and Phil grabbed it with both hands, stopping it from hitting him square in the solar plexus, but then the kid wrenched it sideways, sending Phil into the water with a splash, and now Techno had yet *another* family member to get out of the water. He yanked Wilbur up, throwing him unceremoniously onto the deck of the motorboat, before hopping onto the boat's edge and staring the kid down threateningly.

“We can do this the easy way, or the hard way,” Technoblade grumbled. This was far too much excitement for his old bones.

The kid shuffled into a more balanced stance, a fire in his eyes.

Technoblade frowned. Yeah, he could beat up this orphan. “Guessin’ you want the hard way, then.”

Technoblade jumped onto the rowboat, batting the oar to the side when the kid tried to stab him, yanking the pole backwards while aiming a punch straight for the kid’s chin. The result was the kid falling straight into Techno’s fist, before fluttering down to the deck with a dazed expression, being caught by a *third* kid, who was currently sitting on the floor.

“Please tell me I’m not gonna have to fight *another* orphan,” Technoblade sighed.

“Nope! No fighting from me!” the floor-kid replied, cradling their friend, and Techno wasn’t sure if they looked ill from watching someone get knocked out or from seasickness.

He then realised that Tommy had disappeared.

“Tommy...” Techno turned around to face him. He’d curled up in the hull of the ship, trying to look as unnoticeable as possible. “Get in the boat, we’re going home.”

Technoblade clambered back into the motorboat, turning around to make sure Tommy was following, when he noticed that the two other kids hadn't moved.

"You get in too," he commanded, and the one that was still conscious scrambled to their feet, tossing their friend gently into the other boat before clambering over fearfully after him.

Techno flopped down in a seat, crossing his legs. "So, Phil, if you're done getting destroyed by little orphan children, I'd like to head home."

Phil - who had previously been occupied with trying to get as much water out of his clothes as possible - groaned, shuffling back over to the driver's seat.

"Don't fall overboard," he warned, before the boat shot off in the direction of Watson island.

-

Tubbo had no clue what was going on.

At the very least, Tommy had *not* been thrown into the ocean with a rock tied to his foot, but that didn't mean their fate was certain. And by *their* he very specifically meant *his and Ranboo's*, as Tommy didn't seem to be in any immediate danger, instead being wrapped in the embrace of one of the men, who was busy stroking his hair. Tommy looked incredibly embarrassed, trying to wiggle out of the hold, but the guy just kept gripping him tighter.

It reminded Tubbo of his sisters.

(Would he see them again?)

"So, where did Tommy pick you two up?" the man who was driving asked - a coriander - and Tubbo's head snapped up. Him and Ranboo had been curled up in a corner, Tubbo practically being in Ranboo's lap, hoping that if they made themselves look small then no one would

notice them - not that it was possible to look small when he was sitting next to *Ranboo*, who was the exact opposite.

“The train station,” Ranboo replied, and the man almost seemed to jolt.

“The- Where are your parents?” he asked in a panic, probably worried that there was someone out there looking for them.

“Dead.”

“Running from the government.”

“...You know what? Sure,” he sighed.

“What’re you going to do with us?” Tubbo asked, shuffling closer to Ranboo.

“Uh... I don’t really *know* yet,” the man replied. “Were you two meant to be sorted?”

Tubbo and Ranboo shared a glance, not sure what to answer.

He noticed their silence. “...Did you guys escape the Sorting or something?”

Ranboo fidgeted, Tubbo avoiding eye contact.

“While I’m normally against orphans, these ones are kind of cool,” the man who’d punched Tubbo remarked. He was a soap - the fact that they weren’t being dicks to him was a good sign. “Hell, back in the day-”

“Techno, no discussing anti-government plots in front of Tommy,” the man on the floor scolded, still holding the boy close to his chest.

“I’m just saying, they’d be awfully good resistance spies-”

“I’m sure they would, but they’re *teenagers* and the resistance is *dead*,” the man driving interrupted.

“You were a member of the resistance?” Tubbo perked up.

Techno snorted. “I did a little bit of... work with them, back in the day. Why?”

“Do you know the Underscores?” Tubbo asked hopefully.

The driver whipped around. “*Where did you hear that name?*”

“It’s *my* name,” Tubbo replied stubbornly.

“They had a *kid*?” Techno looked at him incredulously, turning back to the driver. “See, Phil? They’ve even got the blood! Come on-”

“Techno, *no*, also we’re almost home,” Phil sighed.

Techno slumped back into his seat, defeated.

Watson island seemed... nice, actually.

Ranboo was ecstatic to finally be away from the gaping void of the ocean, half-considering kissing the sand, but then they saw the guy who'd been cradling Tommy lift up a handful and eat it and suddenly Ranboo just wanted to be off the beach.

"Is there any breakfast? I'm starving," Tommy complained, running up to Phil.

"Well, considering the fact that we rushed out to get you the moment we woke up, *no*," Phil half-scolded. "I don't know what you were thinking-"

"Come on, Phil, you know nothing can happen to a big man like me," Tommy grinned, and Phil rubbed his forehead.

"Tommy, you're not immortal, I know you're young-"

"If you're gonna go and try doing dangerous crap again, at least make sure you tell me or Phil," Techno interrupted, ruffling Tommy's hair as he barged past to get to the house.

"Why not me?" the third guy (whose name Ranboo had not caught) protested, jogging after Techno.

"Wil, I don't know how you're still alive, but I don't think Tommy got as lucky with his genes," Techno called back, now at the door of the house and fumbling with the key.

Tommy's face contorted in offense. "You fuckin- I'll have you know, I have the best genes-"

"Tommy, remember all those times you tried to copy Wilbur and ate sand and then got worms?" Phil asked.

Tommy opened his mouth to protest, but Phil shot him a look.

It was awfully domestic, and Ranboo felt like they were intruding, but then they felt someone bump their shoulder against them and looked down to see Tubbo.

“C’mon Big Man, let’s go,” he smiled up at them, and Ranboo smiled back.

They had a feeling that everything would be alright.

#### Chapter End Notes

Sorry about the unsatisfying ending - there will be a sequel, and like Coriander Hell it won't be particularly long, so keep an eye out for it if you want an ending that doesn't make you want to kill me :)

Writing this fic has been a fever dream but at the same time it certainly felt like a 'someone's gotta do it and it might as well do it myself thing.'

However I have had enough coriander for the next month or so, so it might take a while for any sequel to come out (although 1.5/5 chapters of it are done) as I wanna work on my other fics as well as some fics I have planned

Thanks for reading! If you've made it this far, it'd mean a lot if you left a comment - even if I don't respond, I read them all and they make my day :)

End Notes

[the origin of this hellish creation](#)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!